

HIS LOVE NOT PERFECT.

My love, she is not perfect. Oh,
 Full many a fault she has. Yet I
 Am thankful that 'tis so, and she
 My love she might take wings and fly!

My love thank Heaven's best human! I
 She more angelic, well I know
 That never on a mortal man
 Like me, would she one glance bestow.

Oh, were she flawless, how could I
 Look in her face and dare to hope
 That she should stoop to love me
 That Heaven, her heart, will ever open!

She's but a woman, selfish, willful,
 And bitter-sweet, but, oh, how can
 I wish her other than she is
 Who'll remember I'm a man!

—Gustav Giese

BEING CHEERFUL

Why Plunkett Is a Feminist at
 Is Proud of It.

An old dog can learn new tricks," he Plunkett, as he settled back in his chair and watched the smoke from his pipe curl to the ceiling.

"And old folks must be good folks," he continued, "and must have good folks ways, and the young people mustn't expect 'em to hop, skip and jump a-

that it is the weight of sorrow upon
their hearts that keeps them from it."
"Er mighty fine young fellow starts
here the other day to get some and
to and to rest a little, and in his talk
me he 'lowed that it was my duty
hop, skip and jump around and to
merry for the sake of others—a che-
ful heart spreads gladness everywhere,"
he said, "and its just as cheap to lo-
on the bright side of life as it is to lo-
upon the dark. You're or pessimist, M-
Plunkett, you're or pessimist, and you
ought to change and be cheerful a
little, and grow fat."

"That big word 'pessimist,' struck
me. I didn't know what it meant, a-
so, after the young fellow left me a
old 'oman got the dictionary and one
Brown's gals and found out all er


"That young fellow is right," low the old o'man, "and I hope you will follow his advice."

"Right there and then I decided turn over a new leaf, and to whistle at every thing I seed, and it was a wonder the old o'man should be me out by watching, and whenever I seed me forgetful and erbout to dep from the cheerful schedule, she was raise her hand and say 'Plunk,' just remind me, for habit is mighty, and knowed it."

"My new schedule was to begin first thing the next morning, and that was what I want to tell erbout."

"The old o'man layed erwake o' talked to me that night longer than I had for thirty years before, and we bust some pretty castles just like we use to."

should in our young days whistled and
smiled as I lay there in the darkness and
practiced how to smile, and I whistled
and smiled and whistled till



"PLUNK!"

went to sleep and dreamed of how cheerful I was going to be from that time.

"The clock struck four in the morning and waked the old 'man, it never fails to wake her, then she hunched two or three times and 'lowed for me to get up and make the fire, but I snored on till she had to give me a pretty thundering big hunch, when I leaped in bed I bounced, rubbing my eyes, and I had it on the end of my tongue to

her that she needn't go so darned rou-
 when she raised that right hand 'n'
 'lowed 'Plunk,' as we had agreed
 night before. That reminded me
 whistling. I felt around in the
 ground in the dark for my brithches
 fully five minutes and it was as cold
 thunder, too, but when I got 'em I
 done more whistling and more smil-
 than had been done in my house be-
 fore ten years.

"When I got my brithches on I star-
 for the fire-place or whistling at ev-
 step, till covvup my right shin sonn-
 ergin a chair.

"'Why in the'—

"'She cut me off by raising that h-
 and saying 'Plunk!' I couldn't see
 her but I knowed she had it rais-
 when I heard 'Plunk,' and
 reminded me and I could hardly puc-
 my mouth to blow the fire for smil-

and where the fire was built and I pulled up my britches leg and looked at the blue place on my shin I sailed in whistling 'Old Dan Tucker,' as hard as I could just to keep down the hand of the song.

"The morning passed along merrily cheerful and the old 'oman went out to cook breakfast with everkeesterstop and I had seed her here for years. As I passed by the cool-room door I stuck my head in and loved 'derv.' She smiled and smiled and as I turned away she lit the door with a piece of kindling that was too long and axed me to cut it in two. Oh! yes, I'd cut it, and I surrounded and got the axe like a real war-war youngster. With the axe in hand I took the piece of kindling and putting one end of it on the door-latch and the other end on the ground I

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